

NG TOM,
OF
COVENTRY.

A COM-COPERA.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, SMOCK-ALLEY.

By JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq;

U B

ED BY JOHN SMITH, CASTLE-STREET.

MDCCLXXXV.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Nov. 2, 1900

Shapleigh, Maine

M E N.

Tom,	—	Mr. RYDER,
Mayor,	—	Mr. O'REILLY,
Harold,	—	Mr. WOOD,
Crazy,	—	Mr. BAKER,
Earl,	—	Mr. SWEDAL,
Count,	—	Mr. M. BREADY.

W O M E N.

Maud,	—	Mrs. HITCHCOCK,
Enima,	—	Miss ROMANZINI,
Mayorefs,	—	Mrs. HANNAM.

PEEPING TOM.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A view of Coventry.

Enter Count Lewis, Emma, and attendants.

Emma.

I CAN scarce believe I am safe, but where's that young peasant that rescued me?

Lewis. That young fellow behaved very well, he did indeed, my lovely Emma, but you are safe now, I give you joy.

Emma. Give me joy, no, that you never shall;—

Lewis. Now you are angry, but when we are married—

Emma. You and I married, that we never shall.

Lewis. Oh! that will be fine indeed, to be forced from Normandy, your father the earl of Mercia, says, you Count Lewis, shall wed my daughter Emma—But the enemy of all sport, a wicked Dane, darted like a

B

ravenous

T O M.

ravenous falcon on you, my pretty little dove, and because I would not fight, you will not marry me—now if I did, I might be killed, and would not be married.

Emma. To run away, and not even draw your sword.

Lewis. It is ill manners to draw—in the presence of the ladies.

Emma. To be sure you're a gallant champion for the ladies!

Lewis. I love the ladies, and love myself,—for the ladies sake—besides the Danes are a barbarous enemy, and I made a vow never to encounter a Dane.

Emma. Here comes my benefactor and deliverer.

Enter Harold.

Harold. Madam I've chastised the villains that have dared to insult you, but hope you've received no hurt!

Emma. Thanks to your kindness—but what is your name?

Har. William, madam.—

Emma. William—while I am here in Coventry, this token will remind you who it is you have oblig'd I [gives a ring.

Lew. And young man, if you were a little more polished, I would prefer you to be squire, to my lady wife here.

Emma. Your wife! never. [Exit Har.

Lewis. Never! Oh, I will go and tell your father—Oh! I—— [Exit.

Emma.

Emma. No, nothing shall ever unite me
to a creature so contemptible.

S O N G.

Glittering trifler sport of fashion,
Gaudy insect ever ranging ;
For some other feign a passion,
Free me in thy fancy changing.

Love ne'er blooms where men are wanting,
Then how vain tyrannic power ;
Is the soil unkind for planting,
Who can raise the blooming flower.

Self-enamoured swain all sighing,
Gazing tender admiration ;
In our eyes their image eying,
There they pay their adoration.

True love I will believe you,
While you love yourself so dearly,
If I hate I don't deceive you,
Yet I fear I love sincerely.

[*Exit Emma and attendants.*]

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Harold.

Har. Charming Emma ! when she knows
me to be Harold, the son of Earl Goodwin,
her father's professed enemy, my blooming
hopes are blasted in the birth.

Enter Tom and Mob.

Tom. Is any body here ? Joy ! joy ! huz-
za !

Har. For what?

Tom. Because Earl Goodwin and his sons are banished.

Har. My father, myself and my brother banished— (aside.)

Tom. Huzza! bishop Dunstan has commanded king Edward, to command the earl, to command the mayor, to command me, to make proclamation at the cross, that the earl Goodwin and his sons, are traitors in the land.—And I am now going to do the job—come along good-folks, God bless the king, and the crier, knights, yeomen, young and old men, women and children—O yes! —O yes! [Exit Tom and Mob.

Har. Shall I venture into the town, if once Emma returns to her father's castle, probably I shall never see her again, she is lodged here in the mayor's house, if I am known to be Harold, it is instant death, but life without my Emma is not worth my care.

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Mayor and Maud.

Maud. Nay, now, don't, I told your worship—you know, don't you believe any such thing—Lord, what will the folks say, to see his honour the mayor of Coventry, make so free with Tom the taylor's wife?

Mayor. Let me hear them talk, and I'll set them in the stocks—Zounds, dare they

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they censure a magistrate—Let me see them wink and there's the ducking-stool—for a nod, the cage—for an inuendo, the pillory—and for a malicious whisper five hundred twirls in the whirligig.

Maud. You know, your worship, I was virtuous—you know I was forced to leave madam, your wife's service, because I would not let you—you know I would not be naught with you, and sooner than do so—I was forced to take up with Tom, who but a taylor, was honest!

Mayor. Ay! Tom's a rogue!

Maud. A rogue, and like your worship!—why he's a bit of a magistrate—was not he a parish clerk, beadle and sexton at one time, and is he not now overseer and church-warden?

Mayor. Ay, but who made him all this?—was he no better than a clown, till I took him under my wing?

Maud. He's certainly a little beholden to your worship.

Mayor. Ah! he owes it all to your pretty face Maud—it was all for your sake, in your beauty—for you have provisions of all sorts—why you have got a beadle in that arched dimple—a constable's staff in that pretty mole—an overseer in that hazle-eye—a church-warden in those auburn-locks—and a pair of plump aldermen in that panting bosom—

Maud. Oh lord, I did not think I was such a great body.

Mayor. Yes, you are, indeed you are—talk of Godiva the earl's new-married lady, and his daughter Emma—why I will wager that smile, against the whole kingdom of Mercia—egad, if those stars were to twinkle in the court of Gloster, king Edward would soon forget his vow of chastity.

S O N G.

Mayor. Maud.

The deuce a one but you, pretty Maud,

I love, indeed 'tis true, pretty Maud,

One kiss, nay prithee hush,

Md. I vow you make me blush;

May. I like a rose bud in a bush, pretty Maud;

Md. Do let me go away, Mr. Mayor,

What will the people say, Mr. Mayor.

May. Let them prattle as they will,

Of love I'll have my fill,

Like a dove I'll coo and bill;

Md. You shall not coo and bill Mr. Mayor.

May. Pretty Maud, pretty Maud:

By all that's great and grand, pretty Maud;

Golden chain, and lilly wand, pretty Maud.

Md. 'Tis all of little use,

Chain and wand I must refuse,

For the needle, thimble, goose,

Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.

Maud. I tell you what now, Mr. Mayor, you shall not talk to me in that way any more, that's what you shall not.

Mayor.

Mayor. But I will—I will tell you what—I will call on you by and by—do not be out—I know Tom will be ringing his bells.

Maud. Lord, your honor, if your lady should know.

Mayor. My lady, poh! poh! she's at home, God bless her, let her stay there.

Maud. Ay, but then the neighbours.—

Mayor. Neighbours!—the pillory—the stocks—the whirligig.—I'll tell you Maud, I'll send you a present of some French wine, that I had from count Lewis, and Egad we'll be so snug and so comfortable; you go home and I'll be with you by and by.

Tom [*listening.*] My wife will be a mayor soon and I shall be an alderman.

[*Maud Exit.*] *Enter Tom.*

Mayor. I'll send you the wine, and there's something to buy a bit of dinner. (*gives Tom money*)

Tom. I'm obliged to your worship.

Mayor. (*surprised at seeing Tom instead of Maud*) Tom, ay, ay, how do you do Tom, how do you do, how do you do?

Tom. Pretty well I thank your worship;—but sir, is this for a corporation dinner?

Mayor. No, no, (*what the devil brings this fellow here, aside.*) Pray have you not a ringing to day, at the Guy of Warwick, Tom.

Tom. Oh yes, we jingle a peal of tripple-bobs, for a leg of mutton and trimmings.

Mayor.

Mayor. (Egad that's very lucky, I shall have Maud all to myself.) Tom you are a good ringer.

Tom. Pretty well, sir.

Mayor. Yes, you are Tom, you are, you will certainly win. Mind your bells, Tom—do not neglect going, you'll certainly win Tom.—But what brought you to me now Tom?

Tom. Tho' merry I be, I never was so treated in my whole life, why you know our old mad Crazy, the beadle, I thought he might make some blunder in proclaiming the proclamation of earl Goodwin and his sons, as traitors, so I took the bell and rung the people all about me, and there I stood like a hen and chickens, but I no sooner cried 'O Yes, O Yes' than I heard a voice like a gander in the marshes, screaming out 'O No, O No' and who should this be but old Crazy, for I having got the city bell, he hobbled with the 'pothecary's pestle and mortar, and clattered with such a devil of a noise, folks could not hear, and because I told him to be quiet, he flew at me and tripped up the leg of old corporal Standfast, tumbled over Kit the tinker, overturned father Fogarty, the fat fryar, and has mauled my nose in this manner—look—he fit for an office, indeed, an old driveller.

Mayor. Why, you most impudent of all rascals, who am I?

Tom.

Tom. Why, sir, you are the Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor. And did not I appoint him beadle?

Tom. Why, lord, he's so infirm, that when he stands at church-door with the poor's box, his hand shakes so, that the gentle folks charity-farthings fall out of the box—why, he has not one of his twelve senses left but his scratching.

Mayor. Sirrah, he has all his talents about him,—he's been a devilish shrewd fellow.

Tom. Yes, he's a man of sharp talons as my nose can testify.

Mayor. Oh! here he comes.

Enter Crazy.

Crazy. You a mayor——there's a fig for your crown and sceptre.

Tom. There your worship, the fellow has made a king of you.

Crazy. Tell me of kings—I that have seen Edward the martyr—the glorious Alfred and Canute the great!

Tom. Yes, but did Canute the great give you authority to scratch my nose?

Crazy. I'll canute you—I that have been beadle here ever since the days of Edmond Ironside.

Mayor. Ay, and a devilish clever fellow he was.

Crazy. What do you mean?

Tom.

Tom. I mean that you are cursedly shabby about the noddle,—you have lived a great while.

Mayor. Come, be quiet Tom—here I command you to read the proclamation—now shew him that you can proclaim it right;—mind, in king Edward's name, you are to offer a reward of five hundred marks, to any man that will bring in Goodwin, earl of Warwick, dead or alive.

Crazy. Yes I will—This is to give notice, that by command of Earl Goodwin, king Edward shall have five hundred marks for bringing in the head of the mayor of Coventry, dead or alive.

Tom. That sensible fellow has made a pretty proclamation!

Crazy. Now, ain't I an old chaunter?

Mayor. Yes—I'll trust you with the public affairs, but you shall have nothing to do with mine.

Tom. So—between the magistrate and his deputy, the affairs of the public are likely to fare well—he has not sense enough to help you in your love affairs with the girls, as he used to do.

Mayor. I'll try him (*aside*) can't you contrive to keep Tom from going home?

Crazy. What! you are going to Maud?—well, I will, I will.

Mayor. Mind your bells Tom—Tom—mind your bells.

Tom.

Tom. I will:

S O N G.

Tom. Merry are the bells,
And merry do they ring,

Crazy. Merry was myself, - -
And merry could I sing;

Chorus.

Merry is your ding-dong, happy, gay and free,
Merry with a sing song, merry let us be.

Mayor. Waddle goes your gait,

Tom. Hollow are your hoes;

Mayor. Noddle goes your pate,

Tom. And purple is your nose.

Chorus.

Merry is your ding-dong, happy, gay and free,
And with a merry sing-song, merry let us be.

Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to Tom's House.*

Enter Maud.

Maud. There never was a young woman so beset as I am by his worship—if I tell Tom, there's a quarrel—and then there's no staying for us in Coventry, the mayor has such a power of interest—I've a great mind to tell madam, his lady, now I will be quit with him one way or other, for his bad opinion of me, that I will; when people get up a little in the world—Lord, they think there's nothing but to use poor folks as they please—hang

—hang the town—how is my Tom altered
since I came into it,

S O N G.

Maud.

What pleasure to think of the times we have seen,
T'was May-day I first saw my Tom on the green;
So neat was I drest, and so sprightly a mein,
A king was my love, and I was his queen.—

The garland presented by Tommy,
From the hands of my Tommy.

A side look I stole at my lover by chance,
Which straight he return'd with so tender a glance;
My heart leap'd with joy when I saw him advance,
And well did I guess 'twas to lead off the dance.

For none danc'd so neat as my Tommy.
In all things compleat was my Tommy.

Oh! here comes the wicked mayor.

Enter Mayor, two countrymen and Hamper.

Mayor. Now, here, bring the hamper this
way—bring it along—make haste—there
now, get along with you. [*drives the two men
out.*]

Maud. What shall I do?

Mayor. Come along—come—there get a
long—now to bolt the door. [*fastens the door.*]

Maud. I'm undone, no creature in the
house but myself—he must not know that or
he may be unmodest indeed. (*aside.*)

Mayor. Egad here I am Maud, and Tom
is abroad with the ringers practising his bells
—here

—here am I—but you little rogue, how nicely you gave me the slip just now!

Maud. I ask your pardon, but you know I must obey my husband—why would you bring me all this wine?

Mayor. All under the rose; you shall treat me with a glass; it will make your veins thrill, your cheeks glow, your bosom pant, your heart beat, your eyes sparkle with love and rapture.

Maud. Lord, sir, will wine bewitch a body so?

Mayor. Yes, it will, do you know that Love has summoned you before me, as a witch, and by the virtue of my authority, I commit you to those arms!

Maud. O! sure your worship's a little mad-dish!

Maud. I am at this time as mad a magistrate as ever devoured a haunch of venison.

Maud. Nay, now do not talk that way to me, now, do not now, (*a great knocking at the door.*)

Tom. (*from without*) Maud, Maud, why have you bolted the door?

Maud. That's my Tom!

Mayor. Where shall I go?

Maud. Oh, lord, if he sees you?

Mayor. I'll go up stairs.

Maud. You must not, indeed, he will go up there!

C

Mayor.

Mayor. What shall I do? oh my dear reputation, hide me, hide me, some where.

Maud. Suppose you hide in this hamper that brought the wine?

Mayor. Oh, excellent! right woman, for invention, faith. (*gets into the hamper.*)

Tom still making a noise at the door.) Why don't you open the door, Maud?

Maud. I'm coming, I'm coming, Tom.

Tom pushes open the door.] Why the deuce did you bolt the door Maud, now I've broke the bolt.

Maud. Because I was alone, and one can't tell what might happen to a body—but what brought you home, Tom?

Tom. Why grand news!

Maud. News!

Tom. Yes, there is his lorstship, the earl of Mercia, coming to our town—and there is the wedding liveries to be finished—and you are to pay your honours to the bride before she leaves the mayor's house, and goes back to the castle—I have won the wager Maud, at the Guy of Warwick.

Maud. Have you?

Tom. I have won it, tol de rol—I'm come home half fuddled with joy—I'll now go and see how the cloaths go on—what hamper's that Maud?

Maud. Oh that!—aye, that's a hamper of wine that the Mayor desires you to see left safe at home, and deliver'd to madam his lady.

Tom

Tom. Wine!—Oh! I'll carry it immediately, as I'm an Officer should do the Mayor's business.

Maud. So you should Tom—for the Mayor is willing enough to *do your business*.

Tom. I'll see the hamper deliver'd to none but his lady.

Maud. (*aside*) Egad, you'll trim his worship neatly.

Tom. You are a happy wife to have so clever a husband as I am—such a rare husband, Maud!

Maud. And you have a rare wife of me, if you knew but all—Lord! what good spirits you're come home in Tom.

Tom. How loving good cheer makes a body.

S O N G.

Tom.

Egad we had a glorious feast,
So good in kind so nicely drest,
Our liquor too was of the best—I'll tell ye,
One leg of mutton, two fat geese,
With beans and bacon, ducks and pease,
In short we'd every thing to please—the belly.

The clock struck twelve in merry chime,
The priest said grace in Saxon rhyme,
Says I to me this is no time—for playing.
The room was full when I came in,
But soon I napkin'd up my chin,
With knife and fork I now begin—to lay in.

The curate who at such a rate,
Of dues and tythe pigs us'd to prate,
In silence sat behind his plate—a peeping,
Most churchmen like the vicar too
A Shepherd to his flock below,
Like any wolf good mutton now— was deep in.

We nodded health for no one spoke,
The cloth roll'd off we crack'd a joke,
And drink the king, and sing and smoke—tobacco.
Our reck'ning out, they call a whip.
I steals my hat and home I trip,
My pretty Maud your velvet lip—to smack-o.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE, *The Mayor's House.*

Emma *asleep.* [Enter Harold]

Har. The people of this town are all running after news—Mobs and Proclamations—it is bold of me to venture here even into the Mayor's house, and a price set upon my head by command of the earl—Cruel fate! but I will see Emma again, 'tho at the risk of my life—Ah! what, my lovely Emma sleeping—sweet emblem of innocence.

Enter *Tom* with the Hamper.

Tom. There—leave the hamper of wine till I find out madam the Mayorefs—where the plague are all the servants, Oh dear! ah! ah! there is young lady Emma taking a nap after dinner—egad these great folks eat so heartily of so many dishes—she looks so rosy and for all the world like a pretty picture—

ture—what a charming landscape—I fancy your great ladies never snore—even Maud does not snore much—perhaps she's dreaming—I dreamt once, I should be exalted above the whole town, by the means of a great lady—may be this is my lucky minute; what if I—Oh dear, I have a great mind—Egad I will give her a kiss—I will

[Harold advances and draws his sword, Tom falls on his knees] I'm dead.

Har. Tom, you are the only person that has seen me enter here, betray me and here is instant death—assist me, and here is the means of living well. [Shews a purse.]

Tom. Sir, I always love to live well, because—because—I am a good christian.

Har. Take your choice, gold or steel.

Tom. Gold is a pretty thing, I am out of conceit with steel, since last Monday, when I run the needle into my thumb.

Har. When she wakes give her this ring, and if she questions tell her the owner's at hand. [Retires.]

Tom. Yes Sir, I'll tell her its in the owners hands.

Har. From thence I may form some idea of my success.

Tom. Madam, a handsome gentleman, an ill-looking robber, with great civility—a sword to my throat—said, Sir be so good, to shew that lady this ring—you villain—you dog—give her this.

Emma. That ring I gave to my benefactor, my dear my generous William. [*Harold appearing*] Heavens! what do I hear?

Tom (*going off and peeping*) Oh, ho! well I will go and carry the hamper to the Mayores—Oh, ho!—I suppose so—oh well—what's that to Tom?—Aye, oh, aye!—oh, ho!—oh, ho! [*Exit Tom.*]

Har. Madam, if I am so happy as to hold a place in your affections, whilst I acknowledge your condescension, permit me to say, it reflects no dishonour on your choice, for in poor William the peasant, you behold Harold, son to Goodwin, earl of Kent, and happy only in being hated by the father of her he loves.

Emma. Is it possible, are you Harold, for whose life the proclamation is out? Oh heavens! if you are discovered you are lost, and I miserable,

Har. Charming Emma, that tender anxiety for my safety, rewards a life of exile; but this evening is appointed for the celebration of your nuptials with the Count—This moment the equipage is on the road to convey you away to the castle.

Emma. Oh Heavens! doomed to a wretch I despise.

Har. Trust to my honor madam, and I will instantly convey you to my father's court; thus you will avert the impending storm, and there in safety you may determine the fate of him who adores you.

Emma.

Emma. It would be ungrateful to distrust your sincerity—I resign myself entirely to your protection—free me from this odious match with count Lewis, and it will be a favour I shall ever acknowledge—and esteem as a generous obligation. *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Room in the Mayor's house.*

Enter Tom with the Hamper.

Tom. Yes, that poor fellow must be some rich man from the money he gave me—there is love—O yes, there is certainly love in the case—well, what's that to Tom?—my business is to deliver this wine to the Mayorefs, I am in great favour—she smiles upon me whenever she sees me,—now if she should be the great lady who is to exalt me—who knows, here comes the Mayorefs herself.

Enter Mayorefs.

Mayorefs. Not a servant in this house, all gone I suppose to see the young lady, Godiva come into town—Oh! good Tom.

Tom. (aside) She always calls me good Tom, that's no bad sign.

Mayorefs. What's this Tom?

Tom. Madam, when I went home, I found my door locked, and bursting it open, my wife Maud got this hamper in care, which
his

PEEPING TOM.

his worship the Mayor had told her—to tell me, to fetch it to your ladyship.

Mayorefs More nonsense of my blockhead of a husband.

Tom It's no nonsense madam, because it's wine.

Mayorefs Oh, wine I suppose that he has purchased from the French Count.

Tom It's no purchase, it's a present.

Mayorefs Oh, a present from the French Count I suppose—Well for this trouble Tom you shall have the first glass.

Tom I long to drink your ladyship's health—you are the tulip of Coventry.

Mayorefs You have a good taste Tom.

Tom Taste, Madam, I could drink a bottle when you are the toast ;

Enter Maud.

Maud Ay, and you will have a bottle well filled presently.

Mayorefs What brings you here?

Maud I come to empty the hamper, madam.

Mayorefs You.

Maud Yes madam for it was last filled at my house.

Tom So Maud you was toping, when you locked yourself in. (*opens the hamper and discovers the Mayor*) There madam!

Mayorefs My husband!

Tom Egad, this is indeed a big-bellied bottle!

Mayorefs

Mayorefs What—you have been at your old tricks I suppose.

Tom Well done Maud—Egad you have hamper'd his worship.

Mayorefs You are a right worshipful magistrate.

Mayor (*comes out of the hamper*) So I am wife—Tom, remember I am the father of you all.

Tom Yes! and you want to be father of my children.

Mayor Come here wife—come here—well Tom, as this was only a frolic you'll send home the wine.

Tom Oh, is it at home now?

Mayor Yes, but you'll send it home to me.

Tom Oh no—the devil a drop you get—I'll keep it to drink to my wife's virtue, and the like success to your worship's intrigues.

Mayor Dear wife, forgive this.

F I N A L E.

Maud. Who would destroy domestic joy,

Be ever sham'd like you Sir,
Then girls agree to do like me,
Out with each fly seducer.

The deuce may mend and shame attend,
Who thus with supple temper,
Then Master Mayor pray have a care,
Nor again get into a hamper.

Tom. Well pleased to find my wife so kind,
So cunning and so clever,
The bells shall ring, her praise I'll sing,
For ever, and for ever. The bells &c.

E N D O F A C T I.

A C T II.

S C E N E *The Street.*

Enter Tom, followed by a Mob.

Tom.

HUZZA! huzza! neighbours, neighbours, where are you all going?

Mob. Huzza!—to meet the earl of Mercia, and lady Godiva!

Tom. Why, neighbours, what will they think of our town—let us welcome them in order—if we must roar, let us roar like men and christians—I'll cheer them with a choice chaunt—and then I'll make a fine speech,—and then when I'm making the speech—not a grunt from one of you—not a grunt!

Mob. Why, what will you say?

Tom. Why, suppose now, you to be the countess—I desire you to make a low courtsey to me, because you are very civil—now you frown with your under lip more—now curl up your nose—so now Mr. Countess take your fingers out of your mouth—do, now settle your diamond necklace—shew your fine ring and white hand.—

Mob.

Mob. But Mr. Tom, as I have got no diamond necklace, won't it do as well to stroke my beard?

Tom. No, no it won't—did you ever hear of a countess stroking her beard?—now I will make a speech——“May it please your lordship and your ladyship—the great honor you have done us, in coming to our beggarly town;”

Mob. What—Coventry a beggarly town?—why you deserve a kicking!

Tom. Now, did you ever know a countess to kick a church-warden?

Enter Mayor.

Mob. No speech, no speech——a speech from the mayor, to be sure.

Tom. The mayor's an ignorant man!

Mayor. What's the matter here?

Mob. Here's Tom abusing the whole town.

Mayor. Is he?—get you gone all of you—Tom, you are a very impudent fellow—so Tom, I'm an ignorant man.

Tom. Are you, sir?

Mayor. And you are an impudent rascal;

Tom. My impudence, and having a wife too pretty for me, and too virtuous for your worship.

SONG.

PEEPING TOM,
SONG.

Tom.

Your Worship your wings may clap,
And think yourself a great city cock,
You'll never my Maud entrap,
For she is the hen of a pretty cock.

Your worship, &c.

Have done with your winks and your leers,
For Tom is a taylor that's knowing fir;
He'll trim you himself with his sheers,
And then you'll have done with your crowing fir.

Your worship, &c.

My wife is a white-legged fowl,
Can bill like a thrush or dove in tree;
But never will pair with an owl,
My worshipful mayor of Coventry.

Your worship, &c.

Mayor Tom, I discharge you from all public offices—the public good demands it.

Tom The public good—why—can you forget when you collected the poor's-rate, you lent out the money at three pence a week for a shilling—and when church-warden, you was detected in putting in six-pence and taking out half-a-crown.

Mayor I put in half-a-crown.

Tom Ay, that was compound.

Mayor Tom, I discharge you down to a common constable.

Crazy He is no constable, that office belongs to me!

Mayor. Tom, I supercede you—I must be ready to receive the earl of Mercia. *Enter*

Enter the Earl of Mercia, Godiva, and attendants.

Earl Mr. Mayor, my daughter has made a long visit at your house.

Mayor. She does my house, my lord much honor.

Lady God. Has not your fair at Coventry lasted much longer than usual?

Mayor My lady, in order to compensate for the great honor done us, we have had a greater variety of entertainments than ever was known in Coventry!

Tom We have indeed had great diversions my lady; lord, how beautiful she is!

Crazy Yes, we have had much merry-making.

Earl Who are you, my old friend?

Crazy Please your worship—I'm mayor of Coventry.

Mayor The devil you are.

Tom Please your worship, that old gentleman's wits are a little out at the elbows, and tho' my brain is quite new, and I've been so active in every office, yet the mayor has put him over my head—and he's mad.

Mayor Crazy there has merit.

Tom. I've done nothing.

Earl So then you are the active officer that has done nothing!

Crazy. I do all myself!

D

Earl

Earl This same town of Coventry seems to be well-governed—if one may judge by the appearance of its magistrates.

Tom His lordship seems to be in a plaguy ill-humour—he looks dam'd glum—come—clear up your pipes and give him a song.

S O N G.

Tom.

Your lordship's welcome among us,
Because you are the peer;
Your ladyship never will wrong us,
Because you're not severe.

Chorus.

This is joyful news,
What citizen will refuse,
To stick up their houses with holly?
We'll broach a tub of humming bub,
To welcome home with a rub-a-dub-dub,
So neighbours let's all be jolly.

Mayor.

At our fair you'll be delighted,
The bells shall ring merrily,
And when my lord, I'm knighted,
Sir Gregory Goose, I'll be.

Chorus.

Enter Count Lewis.

Count Emma, my lord, your daughter's fled—gone off—and accompanied by a young peasant—that I dare say must be the peasant that rescued her from the Danes; it seems

seems Harold, earl Goodwin's son has been lurking about the town.

Earl (looking on the mayor) Is this your fidelity to me—since you have joined in the treason, all partake in the punishment—for this offence I amerce your city in a thousand marks, and by Heavens, the power of man shall not induce me to abate one scruple—see that this is complied with in an hours notice, or rigour shall enforce my sentence.

[*Exit Earl and attendants.*]

Tom Here's a pretty job!

Crazy I remember Alfred the great laid a tax upon horn combs.

Enter Mayorefs.

Mayorefs Fine care you have taken of us!

Mayor Fire, sword and famine is come upon us!—O grief—O ruin!

Tom You see when my lord takes a thing in his head, he says I will do it—and in that case he surely does it—and then it's done.

Mayorefs We all know that lady Godiva is as sweet-temper'd as her husband is crabbed and crusty—now I will summon all the good-wives in a body and I will go at their head, and with dishevelled hair and streaming eyes, will beseech the lady, to beseech her husband—to take off the tax.

Tom. An excellent thought!

Mayor I must get the consent of the corporation—I will go summon the livery—

Mayorefs

Mayorefs Summon the Livery, you had better go summon the petticoats—

Tom. I'm for the petticoats.

Crazy And I love the petticoats.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *a Street.*

Enter Emma and Harold.

Emma. What a dilemma?

Har. The city guard being posted prevented our escape——

Emma. When my father knows you are the person that assisted my escape, he will be in such a rage——

Har. A separation from my Emma, alone is a terror for her faithful Harold.

Emma. Was my father but to consider your valour, he would certainly be reconciled.

Har. True, my love, I have bled in my country's cause, and shall again—not the fire of love, nor the frost of age, shall check my spirit in the cause of Britain.

Emma. Oh, do not have an idea of separation; if you could but find a place of safety here for the present—I think this is the house of poor honest Tom, the taylor, I have seen so often at the Mayor's.

Enter

Enter Tom.

Tom. Ay, they there go—what a fine string of them, I did not think there were so many women in Coventry, at least not so many pretty girls in it—I love the pretty girls because they are generally so handsome—they always snigger at me as they pass, how can they help it, when I cast such fly looks at them—there they all march in a body—egad it's a delicate body and the May-orefs at their head, she's a fine head—well if this scheme succeeds, I will get drunk to-night like a sober citizen, and drink success to the petticoat corporation—Oh lord, madam Emma, there they are gone up to the lady Godiva.

Emma. You'll not betray me!

Har. Mind Tom, money or steel.

Tom. No, Sir, I have enough of gold and keep the sword to defend the lady,—you will find shelter in my house, perhaps as good as in a rich man's—for lord, I am as great a friend to love as the women's favourite the fat fryar father Fogarty.

S O N G.

When I was a younker and liv'd with my Dad,
The neighbour's all thought me a smart little lad,
My mammy she call'd me a white headed boy,
Because with the girls I lik'd for to toy.
There was Ciss, Priiss, Letty, and Betty and Doll,
With Meg, Peg, Jenny and Winny and Moll,
I flatter their chatter so sprightly and gay,
I rumble 'em, tumble 'em that's my way.

D 3

One

One fine frosty morning a going to school,
 Young Moggy I met and she called me a fool,
 Her mouth as my primmer a lesson I took,
 I swore it was pretty and kiss'd the book;
 But school, fool, primmer, and trimmer and birch,
 And boys for the girls I have left in the lurch.
 I flatter &c.

'Tis very well known I can dance a good jig,
 And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat Pig,
 I wrestle a fall, and a bar I can sling,
 And when o'er a flaggon most sweetly can sing.
 But Pig, jig, wicket, and cricket and ball
 I'd give up to wrestle with Moggy of all,
 I flatter &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *a chamber in Tom's house.*

Enter Tom.

Tom. I have a great fancy to know what Maud and the Mayores's have done—Lord, how I long to know what success they have had, or whether they will forgive the tax—oh, there's Maud come back, I hear her voice.

Maud. (without) Oh, madam, I'll only tell my Tom. *(entering)* Oh, Tom, here we have got the young lady Emma in the house—have you seen the countess?

Tom. I know what we have got—but tell me, shall we get the tax off, you all went, and were you all there?

Maud. Yes, there we went, and we were all admitted to lady Godiva's presence!

Tom

PEEPING TOM.

Tom. Oh, God that was pleasant.

Maud. So it was Tom—we all fell a crying.

Tom. How did you manage that, Maud—I never saw you cry in all my life.

Maud. I only made believe—then we all fell on our knees, then we got up again.

Tom. Yes, yes, Oh, I see—I see you did!

Maud. Then the Countess she heard our petitions, and she asked my lord to pardon the city—no, said his lordship that I will not—I have sworn that the power of man shall not persuade me—Yes, but says she, the power of woman may, and I am a woman, says she.

Tom. Oh, she need not have told him that.

Maud. And says her ladyship, I am a good woman and your wife; and you as a good husband ought to do as I bid you.

Tom. She was a little out there.

Maud. Says the earl as you are a good woman, I will forgive the tax, only on one condition—what's that says my lady? It is, says he, only if you will ride through the city of Coventry naked, without a rag of cloaths on.

Tom. What!

Maud. Now, he only joked; having no notion she would do it—but she having the good of our city at heart took him at his word, and is actually now preparing for it.

Tom

Tom. Lady Godiva, ride a horse-back—
all through the city, without any—well if
I ever——

Maud. Now you are all agog, with your
nonsensical curiosity.

Tom. I have no curiosity.

Maud. Tom, Tom, our fortune is made,
for as the lady Emma has taken shelter in
our house——

Tom. Our house—ride—so, so——

Maud. But here's a young peasant in her
company.

Tom. Company; then I suppose she will
have nothing at all——

Maud. 'Tis very odd, for he seems to have
a sight of money.

Tom. Sight of money—such a sight.

Maud. Hang the man is he grown stupid
—what are you thinking of Tom?

Tom. I was thinking of a side-saddle.

Maud. Was there ever such a fool, but
I must go and attend lady Emma, so I will
leave you to ride on your side-saddle.

[Exit.

Tom. Talk of a coronation, 'tis no more
to this—Lady Godiva is a procession in her-
self, I must go in time to procure a good
place—shall I ask our Maud to go—no, no,
the sight would be lost upon Maud—but I'll
go——

Enter the Mayor.

Tom. What brings you here, Sir.

Mayor

Mayor. Well Tom, I suppose you have heard?

Tom. Yes Sir.

Mayor. Lady Godiva, in her progress thro' the city, passes by your house here.

Tom. Gad Sir, that's lucky, I shall have an opportunity of seeing her nicely.

Mayor. Yes, and you will have an opportunity of hanging in hemp nicely at your own door—the streets are to be cleared—all the windows and the houses to be fastened up, no person to be seen on pain of death, of the male kind.

Tom. Me—do you think I would look, sir,—I wish I could get him out of my house—why what need your worship be in a hurry to go.

Mayor. I am in a hurry to go Tom.

Tom. It's a fine day abroad, Sir.

Mayor. But every body must stay at home.

Tom. Well if you will go home you must—good-bye, to you, Sir.

Mayor. What are you going Tom?

Tom. Yes, Sir; I wish you a good-bye, Sir, I will not stay in this room, while lady Godiva passes it commands such a prospect.

Mayor. Gad that's true, from that window I could have a charming peep, if that fellow was but out of the way. [*aside.*]

Tom. I'll go down, and lock myself in the cellar to avoid temptation.

Mayor

Mayor Do Tom—that's a good boy, and I'll go home, Tom!

Tom Good-bye to you, Sir.

Mayor Good-bye to you, Tom.

Tom So you are going home, Sir?

Mayor Yes, I'm going home, now do you go and lock yourself up in the cellar.

Tom Yes, I will Sir, good-bye, Sir.

Mayor Good-bye, Tom!

Tom Good-bye, Sir.

Mayor. Good-bye, Tom!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Re-enter Mayor. Bell tolls.

Mayor. By this time, lady Godiva's past the cross, all is clear, and foolish Tom has locked himself up in the cellar, and thinks I am gone home—She cannot be far off now—I shall have a charming peep at her from that window—I'll go and look for something to put on this table. [Exit.]

Enter Tom.

Tom So by this time his worship's at home, curst troublesome old hound, and lady Godiva must be at hand—I think I hear her horse's feet—the clinking of their hoofs is far sweeter than a haut-boy. (*Drags a stool and puts it on the table, and gets up.*) There there, she's turning the corner.

Enter

Enter Mayor.

Mayor I can find nothing—I'll try to reach the window upon my tip-toes, tho' I break my neck for it—*(in striving to get up he catches Tom in his arms)* Oh, you villain have I caught you peeping.

Tom Sir, I was only going to take in the cock chaffinch.

Mayor Come down, I'll have you hanged—I came here only on the look-out. *[Exit]*

S C E N E a Street.

Enter Tom, followed by the Earl, Mayorefs, and attendants.

Earl You shall be hanged Tom.

Tom Then your lordship must get me another neck, for this is engaged already—

Earl How, sirrah! did you not know it was instant death!

Tom. True, my lord, but I thought it was no harm.

Enter Maud.

Maud. Oh, my dear, what's the matter, it is all along this wicked Mayor, he wants to make a widow of me—it would be for the public good if he was hanged, instead of my husband—

Earl Then we should leave his wife here a forrowful widow.

Mayorefs Oh, my lord I should not mind my private sorrows for the public good—

Earl

Earl. So then Mr. Mayor, all this was to forward your designs upon the young woman—if this culprit here will give up my daughter, his life shall be saved.

Tom Then I have a dull chance, my lord; but my lord, tho' I am but a poor fellow, the richest jewel in your lordship's coronet could not make me betray a person, after once giving him the protection of my roof.

Earl See him to execution—I will try him further.

Tom. No mercy, my lord.

Earl Yes, if you can produce Harold in your place, that may save your life.

Enter Harold and Emma.

Har. Then save his life and take mine, I am Harold, but now the husband of your unhappy daughter.

Earl. Disobedient child—of all men upon earth, is this your wretched choice?

Emma My choice—my pride.

Earl I would sooner have bestowed you on that peasant, that rescued you from the Danes, for his valour at least has a claim upon my gratitude.

Emma Then let Harold have that claim; he was that peasant, the protector of my life and honour.

Earl I see now that my prejudice to Earl Goodwin, has blinded me to his son's peculiar virtues, and what you have saved—take for your reward.

Enter

Enter the Count.

Count My lord, your daughter I claim according to your promise.

Earl No, he's unworthy of a lady's love; that has not courage to protect it.

Tom So here I stand all this while with the rope about my neck.

Mayor I must do my duty, bring in the constables.

Earl 'Tis your duty to resign an office to which you are a disgrace—Here I grant Tom a full pardon for his adherence to his word, and in your place I appoint him Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor What Peeping Tom!

Tom Hold your tongue, you dog, or I'll put you in the stocks.

Crazy Whoever is Mayor, I'll be Church-Warden.

Earl I believe I have been too severe upon your city, but since it has produced one honest man, I relinquish my claims.

Crazy Yes, I'm an honest man, and you have found me out.

Tom Then I hope our friends will be equally indulgent, and every man that loves a fine woman, will pardon, PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY.

E

FIN-

F I N A L E.

Harold. Let ev'ry care and tumult cease,
Bands of love unite us,
Kind friendship joy and lasting peace,
Ever shall delight us.

Maud. I wish you joy of your disgrace,
Let his wife alone, Sir ;
For since by her you've lost your place,
Better kiss your own, Sir.

Mayor. I've brought things to a pretty pass,
By my own gallanting ;
Tho' late a Mayor—I'm now an Afs ;
This is my gala-ganting.

Crazy. Why what a deuce is all this rout,
Cease your idle singing,
Or by this hand I'll put you out,
And set the bells a ringing.

Tom. Though you have as Poets see,
Rods in pickle steeping ;
Forgive poor Tom of Coventry,
And pardon for his Peeping.

F I N I S.